

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 8  
DEC.-JAN.

LN 10



10¢

# MAD



H. Kurtz





GADZOOKS!  
MY JOY KNOWS  
NO BOUNDS! I  
HAVE JUST RECEIVED  
MY **E.C. FAN-ADDICT  
CLUB MEMBERSHIP  
KIT** WHICH INCLUDES  
A FULL COLOR  
7½X10½ ILLUMINATED  
**CERTIFICATE**, A STURDY  
WALLET **IDENTIFICATION  
CARD**, AN ATTRACTIVE  
EMBROIDERED  
**SHOULDER PATCH**,  
AND A STUNNING  
ANTIQUE BRONZE-  
FINISH BAS-  
RELIEF **PIN**. SO  
**WHAT!**

## SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

FOR AN **INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP**, FILL OUT THE **COUPON** AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH **25¢**. IF **FIVE OR MORE** OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN **AUTHORIZED CHAPTER**, ENCLOSE **EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS**, ALONG WITH **25¢ FOR EACH NAME**, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE **ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT**. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS **CHAPTER NUMBER**. **EVERY MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL**, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT **DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL**.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

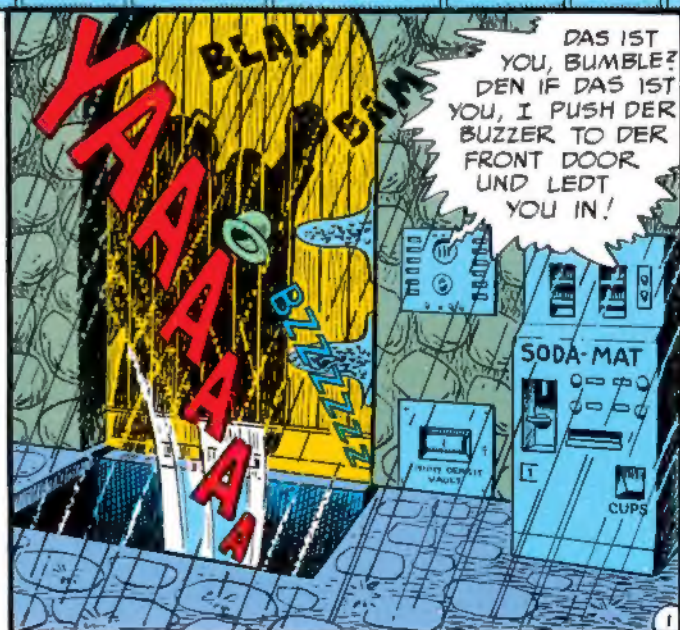
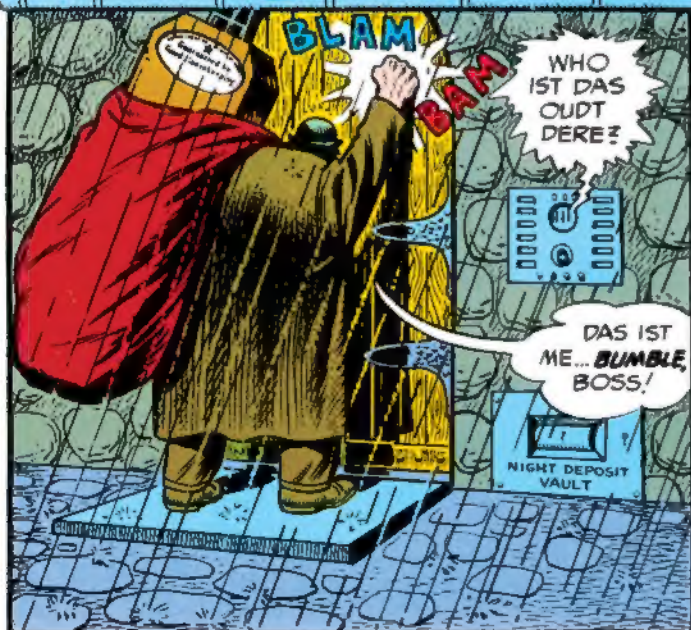
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

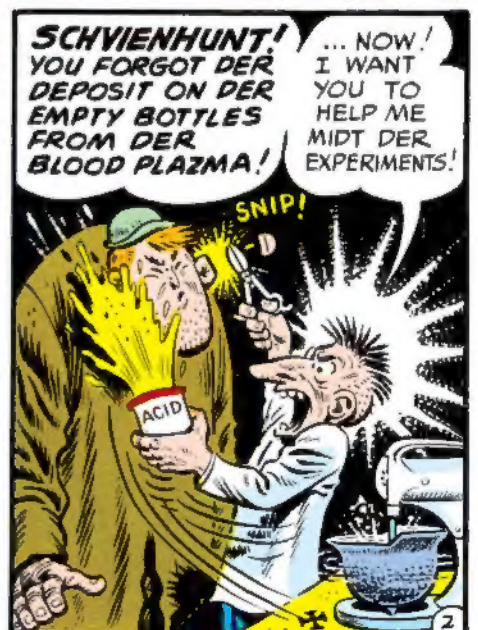
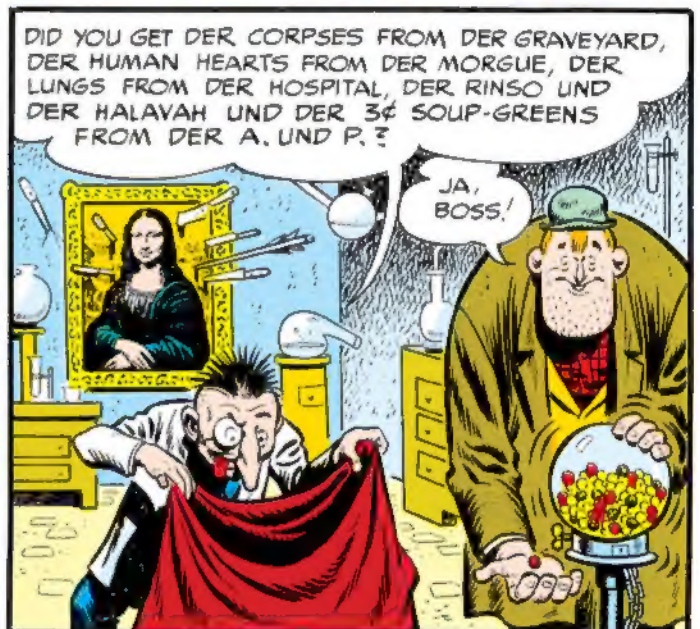
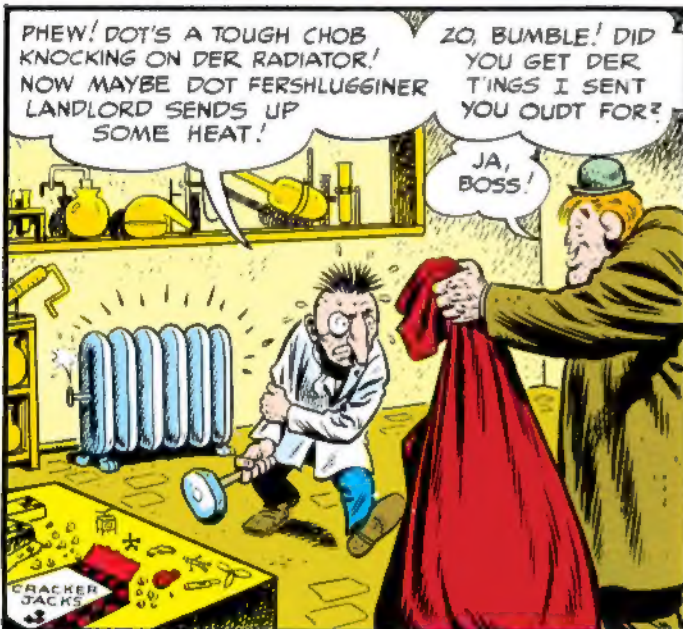
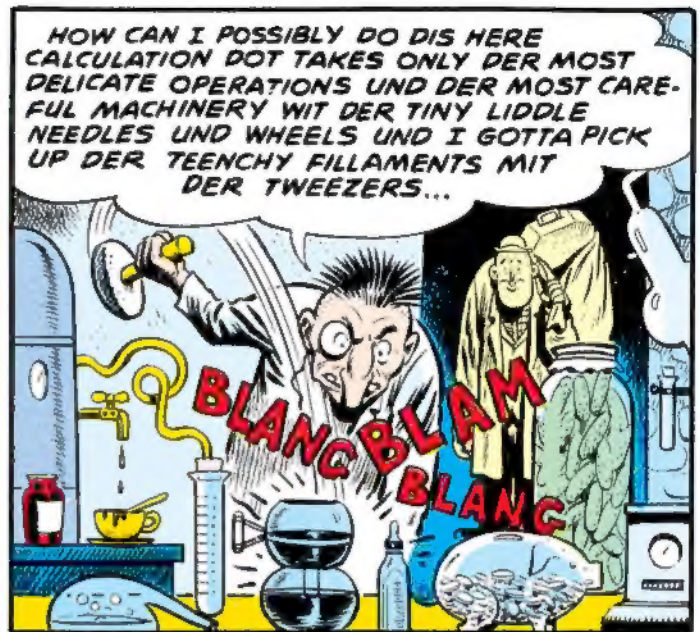
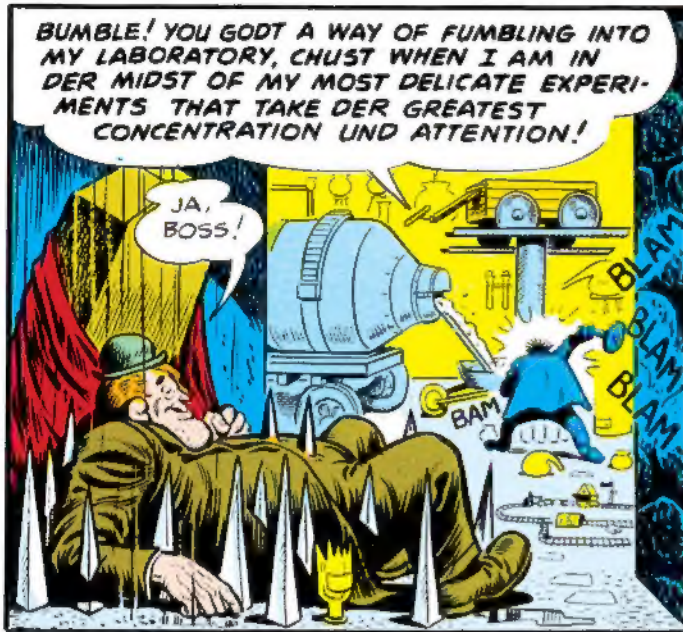


**TERROR DEPT.:** THE SCENE FOR THIS REAL CRAZY STORY IS SET IN THE LITTLE EUROPEAN TOWN OF VEEBLEFETZER! A FIGURE, BENT BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF A GRISLY RED SACK, IS SEEN TOILING UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE CASTLE OF BARON VON STEIN!...BARON FRANCESCO NAPOLEON STEIN...KNOWN FOR SHORT AS...

# FRANK N. STEIN!









UND **NOW**...VE OPERATE! VE GOT TO MAKE EFFRYTING VERY SANITARY!

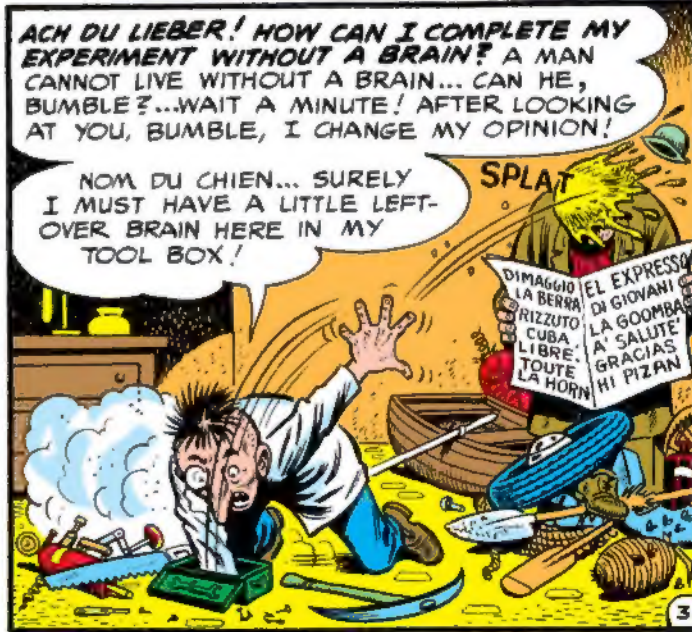
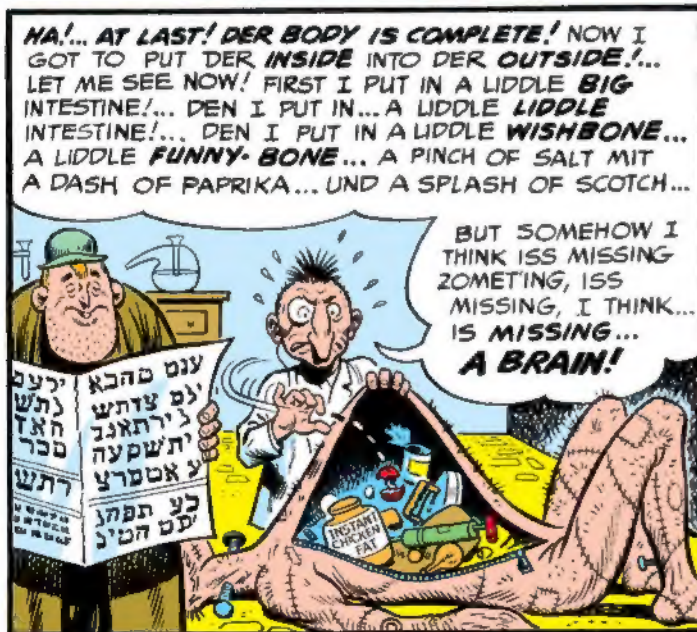
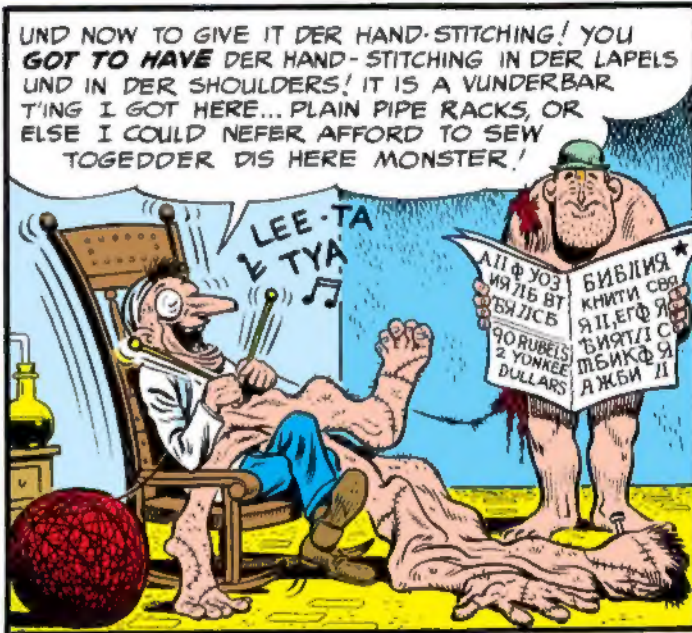
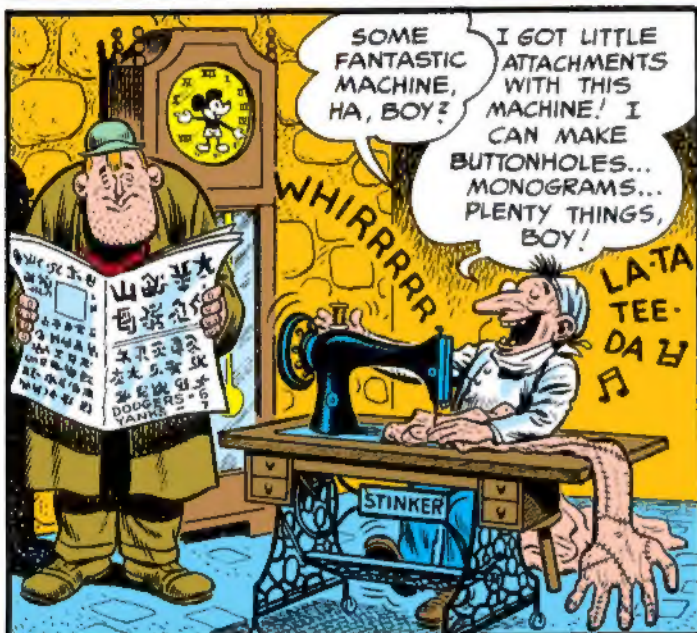
BUT BOSS! DAT'S WHERE I DUG UP DA BODIES FROM...THE **SANITARY**!

DUMPKOFF! DAS IST **SEMETARY**, NOT **SANITARY**!

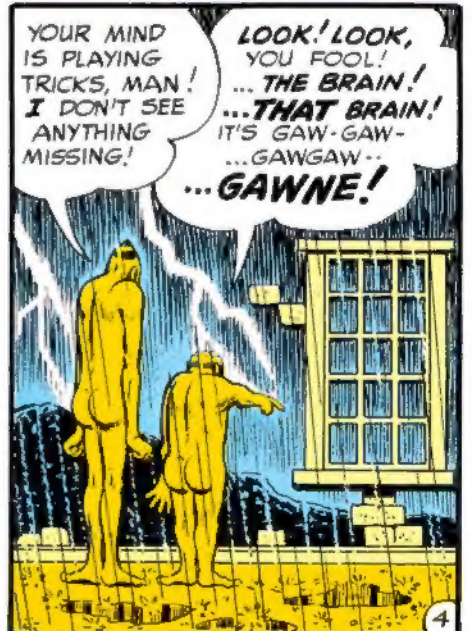
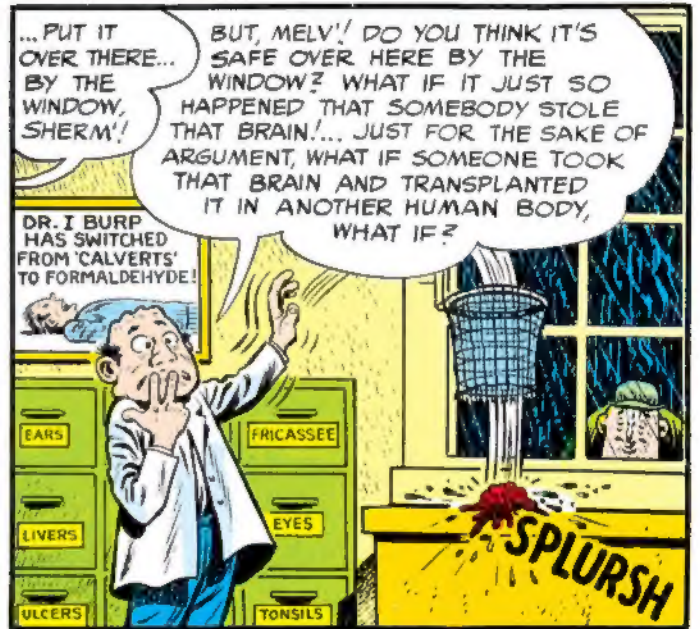
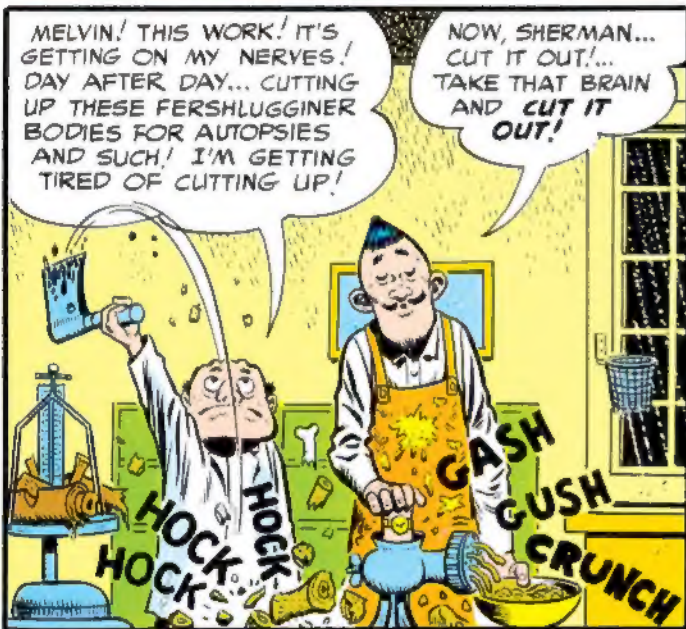
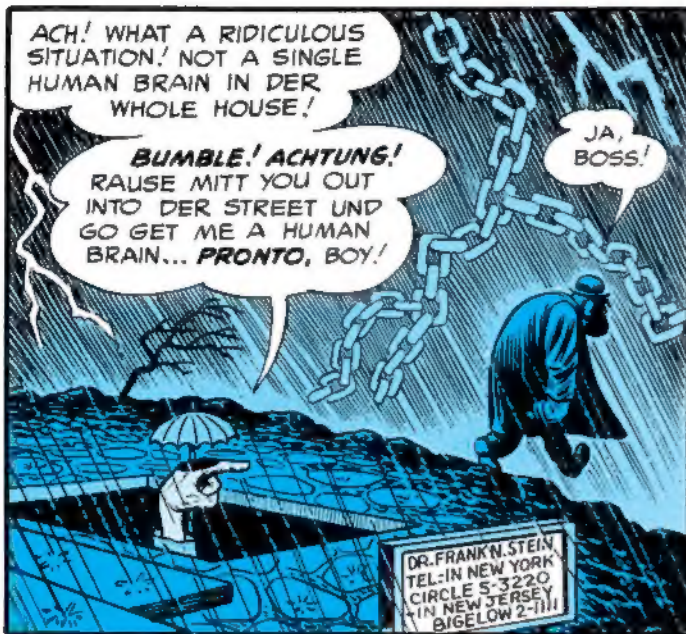
**SANITARY** IS THE FIRST NAME OF THAT GUY WHO COMES ON CHRISTMAS! ... **SANITARY** CLAUSE!

UND NOW DOT VE GOT DER HANDS CLEANED...DER FACE WASHED...DER STOCKINGS CHANGED...DER SHOES ON, AND DER NOSE BLOWED...WE GO... **INTO DER OPERATING ROOM WHERE WE HAVE... DER MACHINE!**

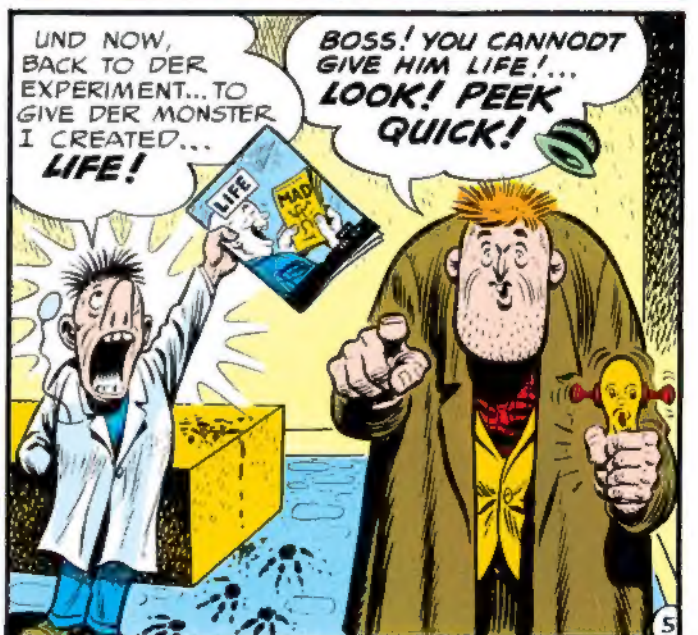
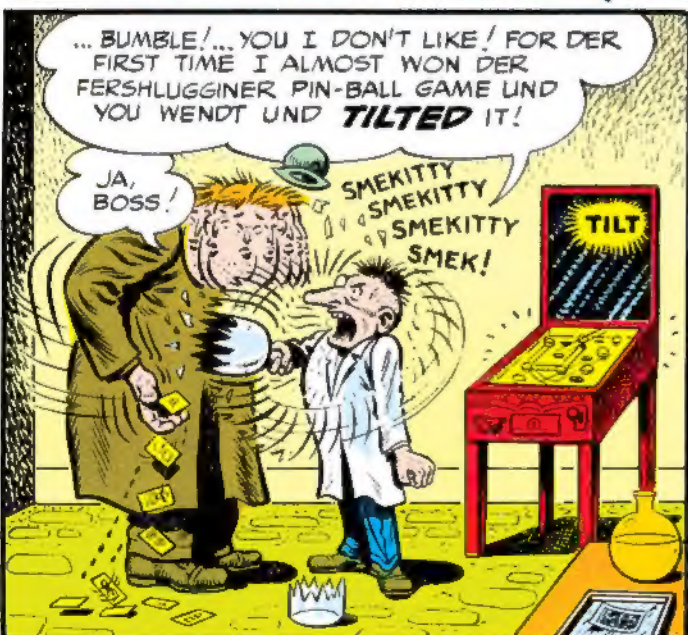
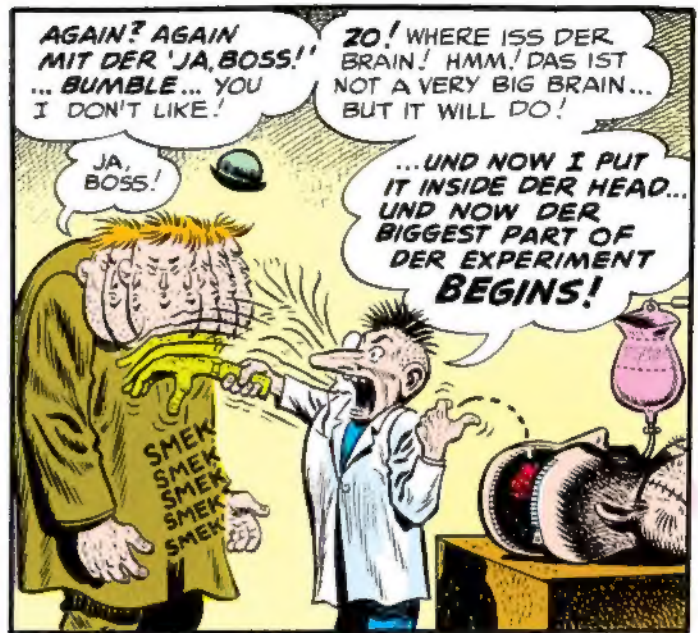
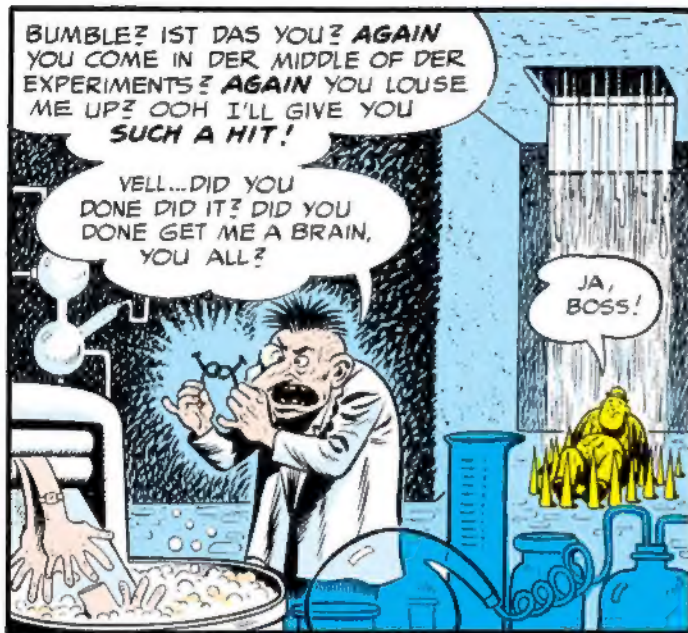
...ALL MY LIFE I HAVE BEEN WORKING TO CREATE LIFE... TO TAKE DIFFERENT PORTIONS OF DEAD BODIES... PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER AND MAKE A NEW SUPERHUMAN BODY THAT LIVES... AND WITH THIS **MAGNIFICENT MACHINE...** WITH THIS **FANTASTIC MACHINE** I CAN DO IT! WITH THIS **PHENOMENAL MACHINE** I CAN PUT THE PORTIONS TOGETHER!



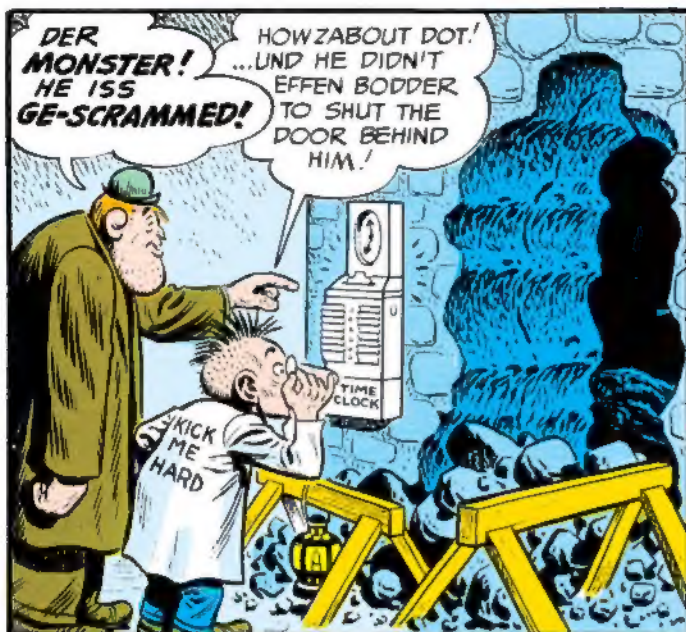












DER MONSTER! HE ISS GE-SCRAMMED!

HOWZABOUT DOT! ...UND HE DIDN'T EFFEN BODDER TO SHUT THE DOOR BEHIND HIM!

TIME CLOCK

KICK ME HARD



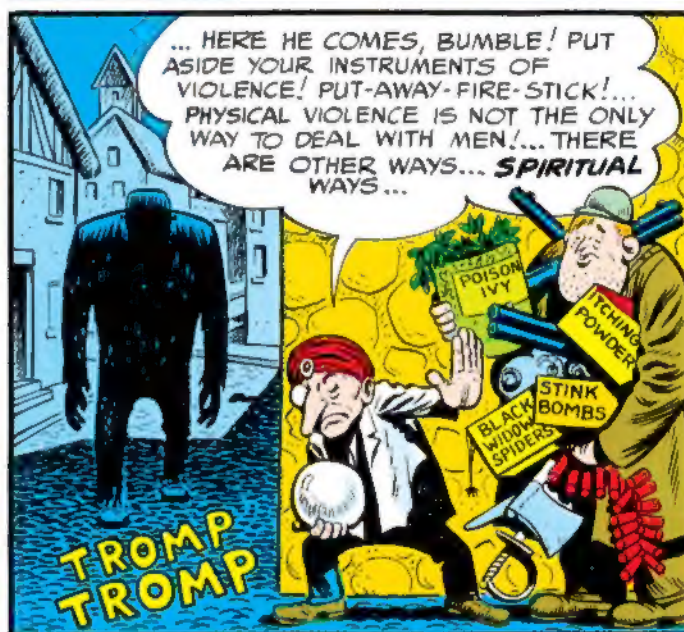
ACH DU LIEBER AUGUSTINE... WE MUST FIND HIM UND BRING HIM BACK TO CHUSTICE!... HMMM! I VUNDER VICH VAY HE VENT? DID YOU SEE VICH VAY HE VENT? I VUNDER VICH VAY VE GOT TO VENT?



I RECKON HE WENT THATAWAY!

WE'LL SADDLE-UP, BUMBLE! LET'S BURN LEATHER! I THINK WE CAN HEAD 'IM OFF AT THE PASS!

SPLAT



... HERE HE COMES, BUMBLE! PUT ASIDE YOUR INSTRUMENTS OF VIOLENCE! PUT-AWAY-FIRE-STICK!... PHYSICAL VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ONLY WAY TO DEAL WITH MEN!... THERE ARE OTHER WAYS... **SPIRITUAL** WAYS...

TROMP TROMP



MONSTER! LISTEN! I AM BARON VON FRANK N. STEIN! I **CREATED** YOU!

SAFETY ZONE

BUBBLE GUM



... I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I WEANED YOU FROM A CLUMP OF GEARS, NUTS AND BOLTS, BOY!

KEEP-ALONG KASSIDY COWBOY



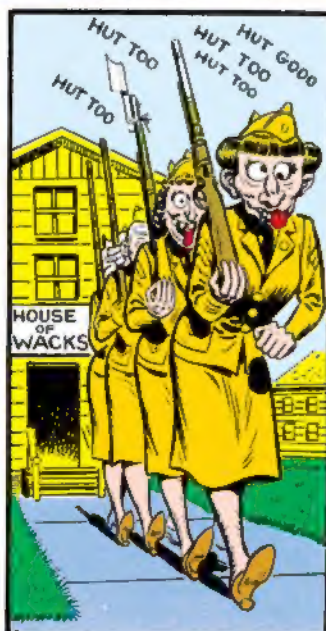
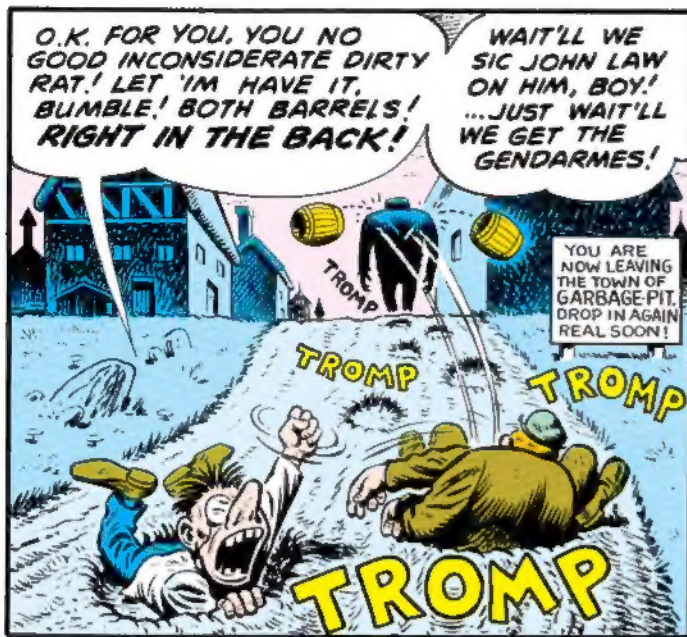
I GAVE YOU LIFE, BOY! I CLEANED UP THE 13 AREAS OF THE BODY THAT BAD ODORS EMANATE FROM!... I GAVE YOU **LIFEBUOY**!



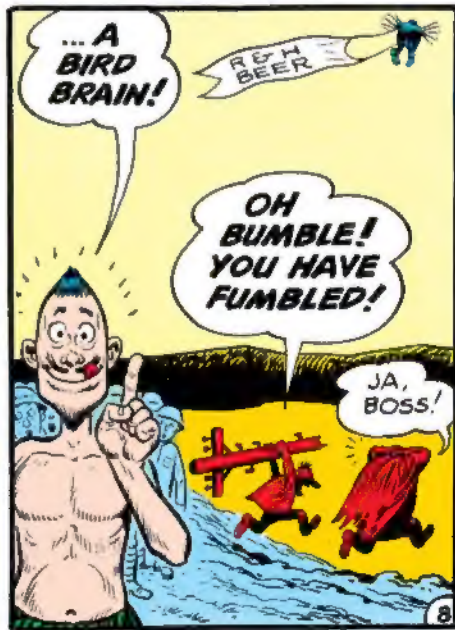
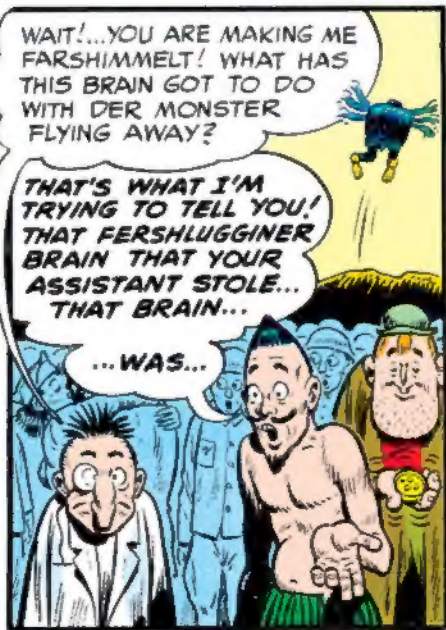
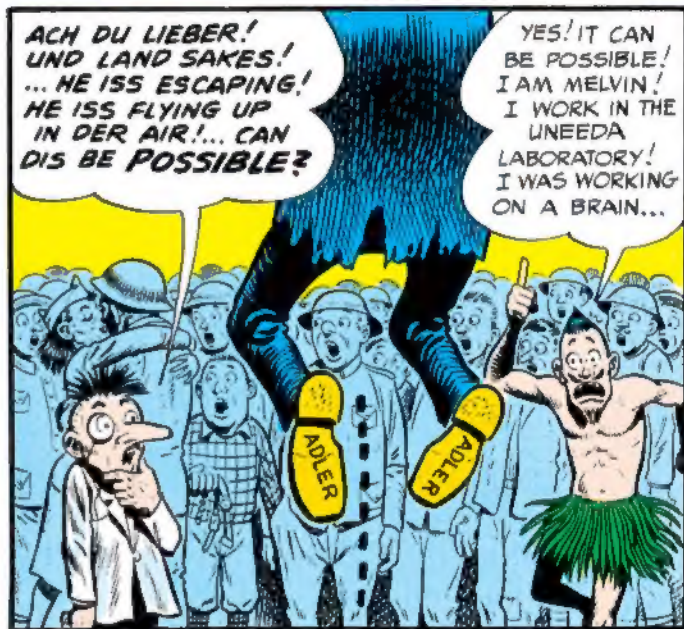
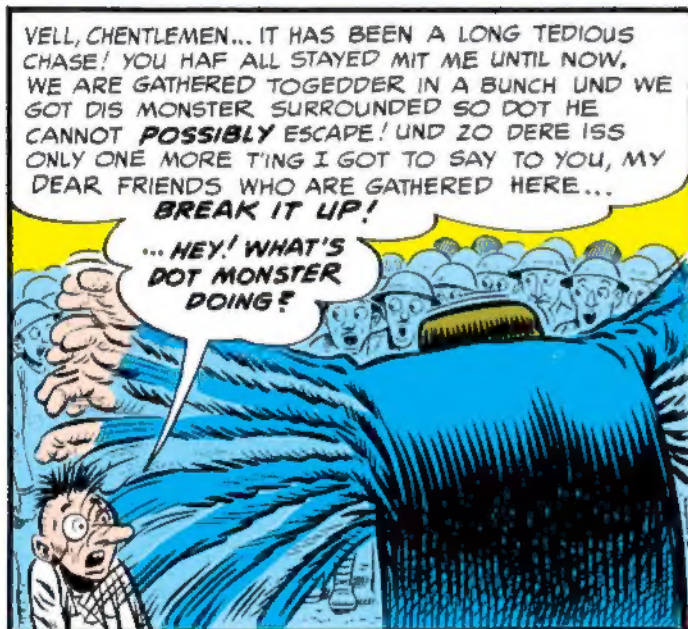
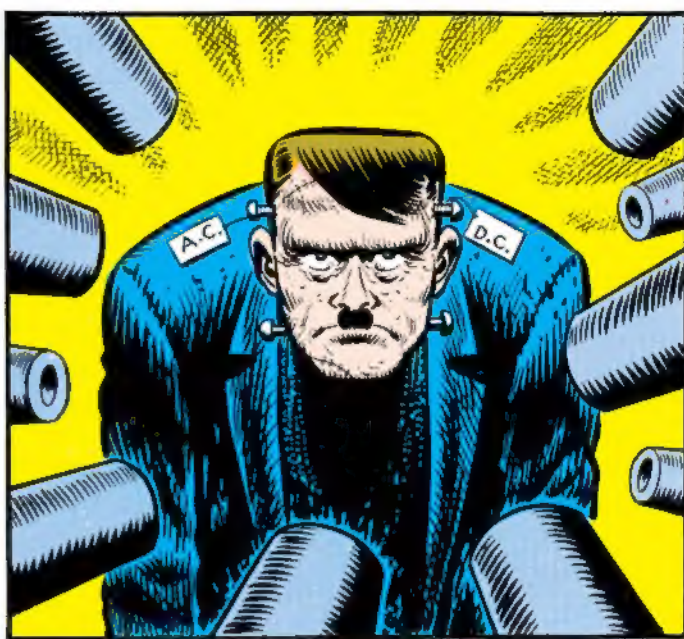
THAT'S IT, BOY! THAT'S IT, MONSTER OU' BOY! (SNIFF) COME TO YOUR EVER-LOVIN' PAPPY! (SNIFF)... YOUR FATHER WANTS YOU TO COME HOME (SNAFFLE) BOY! **HOME... (BOOHOO)!!**

TROMP TROMP TROMP TROMP







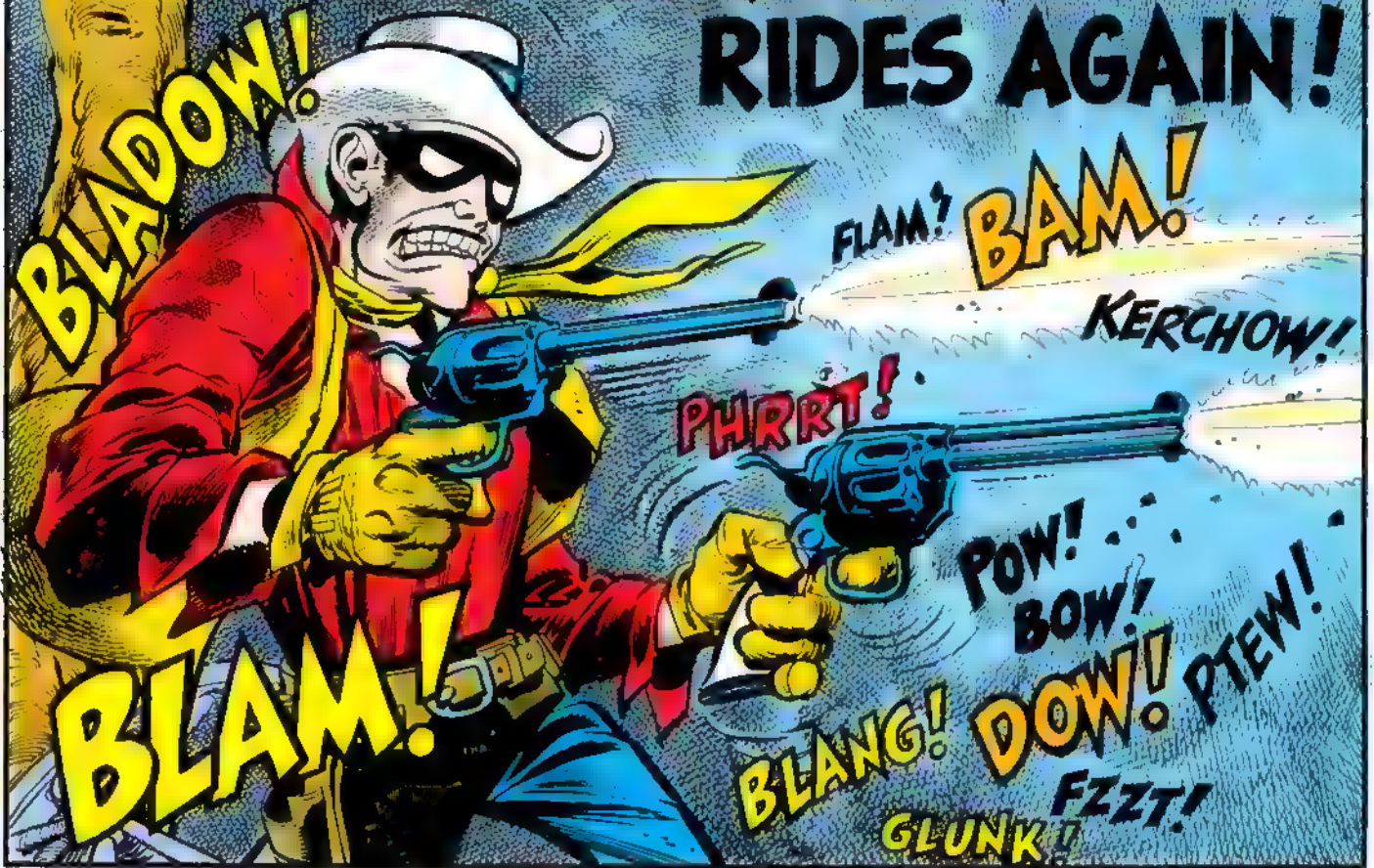




WESTERN DEPT.: THE SCENE OPENS UP TO THE SOUND OF TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS... TO THE SOUND OF GOLDEN BULLETS TEARING THROUGH THE AIR... TO THE SOUND OF THE WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE IN THE BACKGROUND! OUT OF THE PAST COME THE HOOFEATS OF THE GREAT HORSE GOLDEN! THE...

# LONE STRANGER

## RIDES AGAIN!



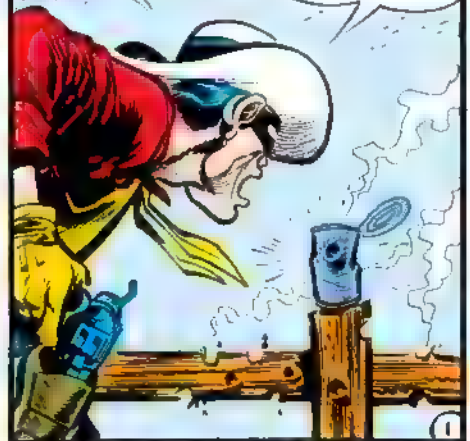
...MY SIX THUNDERING TWO-GUNS... I MEAN MY TWO THUNDERING SIX-GUNS... ARE SILENT... OUT OF BULLETS! I AM **DEFENSELESS!**



... BUT I DON'T NEED ANY MORE BULLETS! MY GUNS HAVE DONE THEIR DESTRUCTIVE WORK! MY BULLETS HAVE FOUND THEIR TARGET!

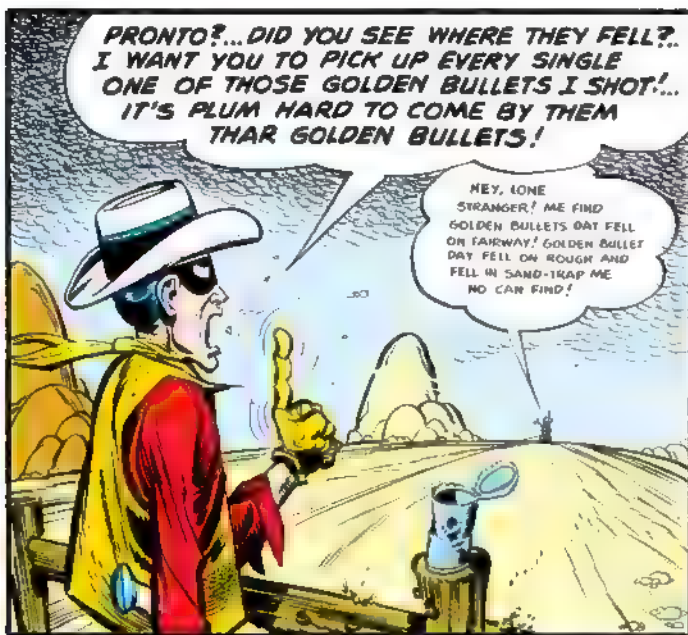


WELL... ANYHOW... **ONE** OF MY BULLETS FOUND THE TARGET!



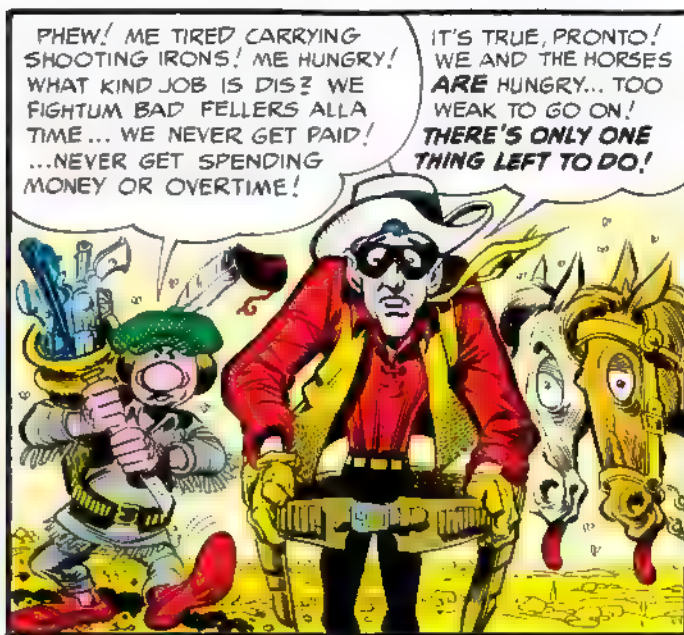
... WHERE'S PRONTO! ... **PRONTO!** YOU OLD RAP-SCALLION!





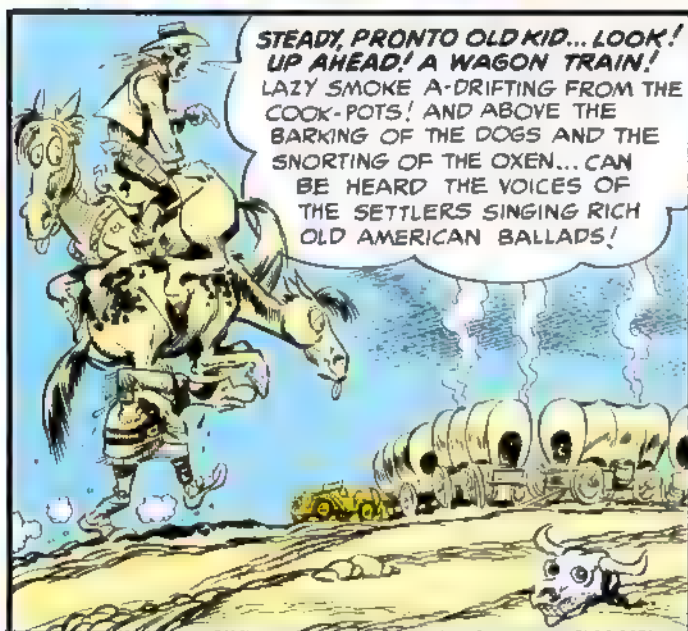
PRONTO?...DID YOU SEE WHERE THEY FELL?  
I WANT YOU TO PICK UP EVERY SINGLE  
ONE OF THOSE GOLDEN BULLETS I SHOT!...  
IT'S PLUM HARD TO COME BY THEM  
THAR GOLDEN BULLETS!

HEY, LONE  
STRANGER! ME FIND  
GOLDEN BULLETS DAT FELL  
ON FAIRWAY! GOLDEN BULLET  
DAT FELL ON ROUGH AND  
FELL IN SAND-TRAP ME  
NO CAN FIND!

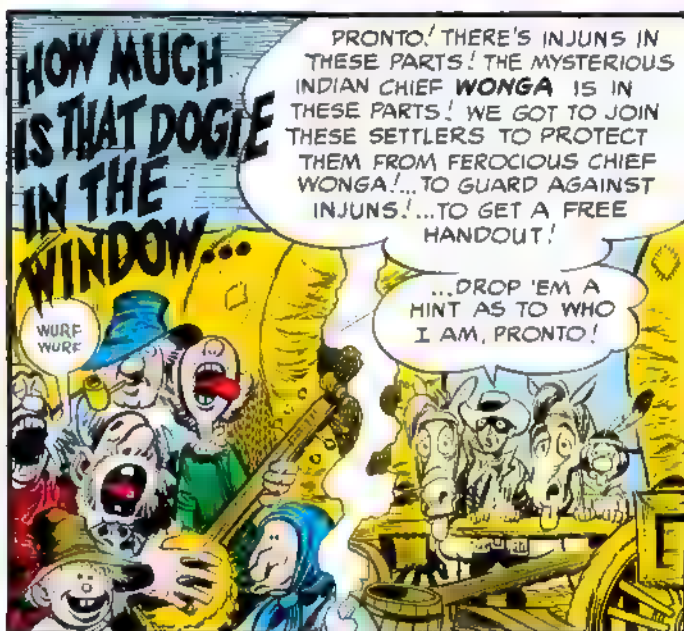


PHIEW! ME TIED CARRYING  
SHOOTING IRONS! ME HUNGRY!  
WHAT KIND JOB IS DIS? WE  
FIGHTUM BAD FELLERS ALLA  
TIME... WE NEVER GET PAID!  
...NEVER GET SPENDING  
MONEY OR OVERTIME!

IT'S TRUE, PRONTO!  
WE AND THE HORSES  
ARE HUNGRY... TOO  
WEAK TO GO ON!  
THERE'S ONLY ONE  
THING LEFT TO DO!



STEADY, PRONTO OLD KID... LOOK!  
UP AHEAD! A WAGON TRAIN!  
LAZY SMOKE A-DRIFTING FROM THE  
COOK-POTS! AND ABOVE THE  
BARKING OF THE DOGS AND THE  
SNORTING OF THE OXEN... CAN  
BE HEARD THE VOICES OF  
THE SETTLERS SINGING RICH  
OLD AMERICAN BALLADS!



HOW MUCH  
IS THAT DOGIE  
IN THE  
WINDOW...

PRONTO! THERE'S INJUNS IN  
THESE PARTS! THE MYSTERIOUS  
INDIAN CHIEF WONGA IS IN  
THESE PARTS! WE GOT TO JOIN  
THESE SETTLERS TO PROTECT  
THEM FROM FEROCIOUS CHIEF  
WONGA!...TO GUARD AGAINST  
INJUNS!...TO GET A FREE  
HANDOUT!

...DROP 'EM A  
HINT AS TO WHO  
I AM, PRONTO!



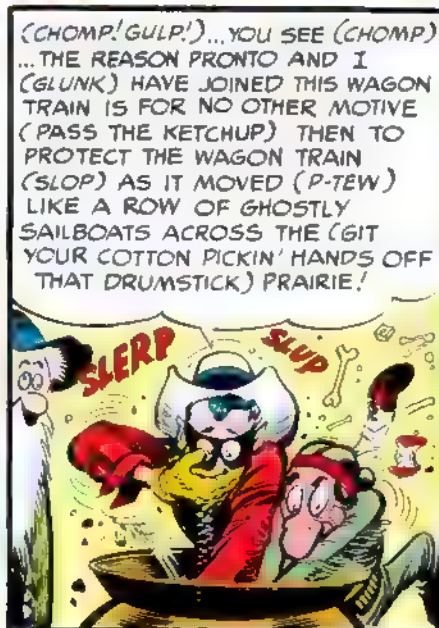
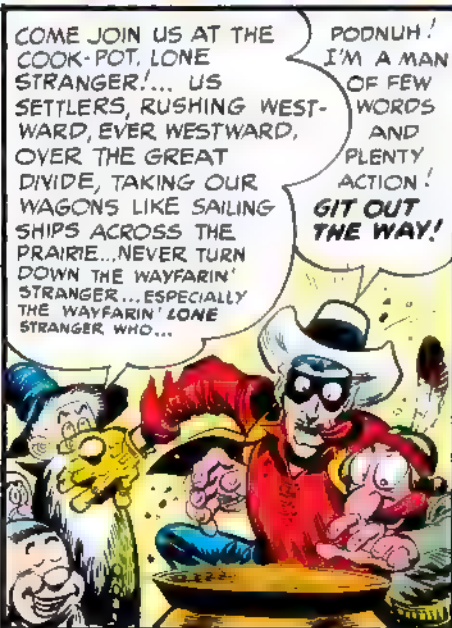
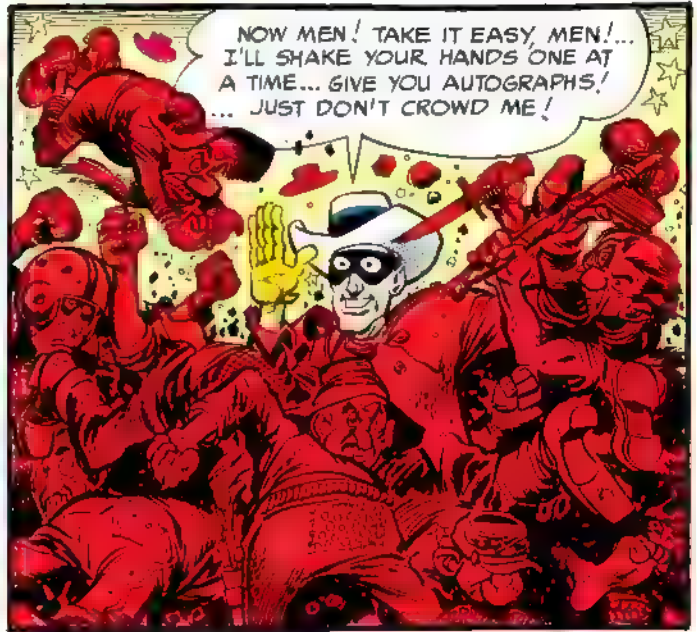
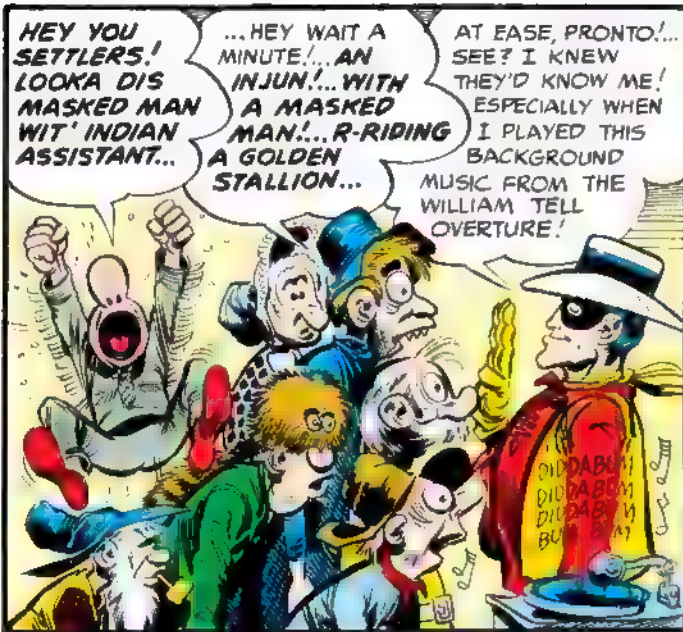
AHEM!  
HEY YOU  
SETTLERS! HOBOY!  
LOOK WHO IS  
COME VISIT WIT'  
YOU! HOT ZING!  
IS LONE  
STRANGER!



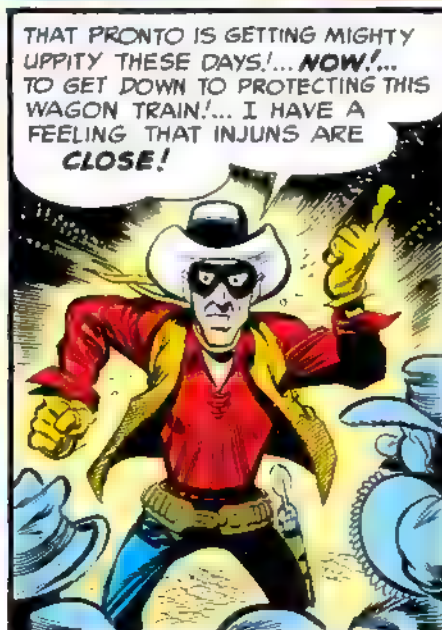
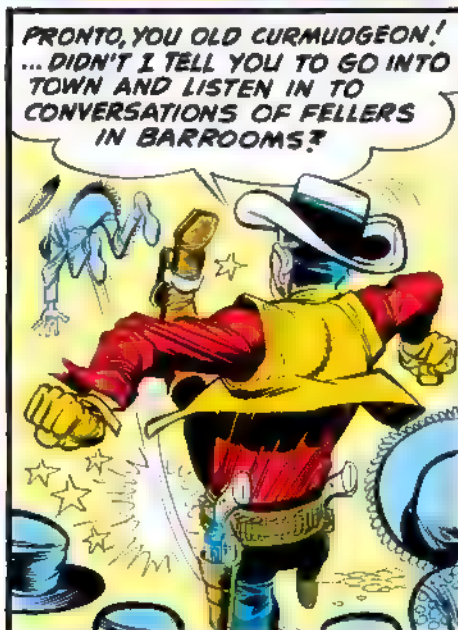
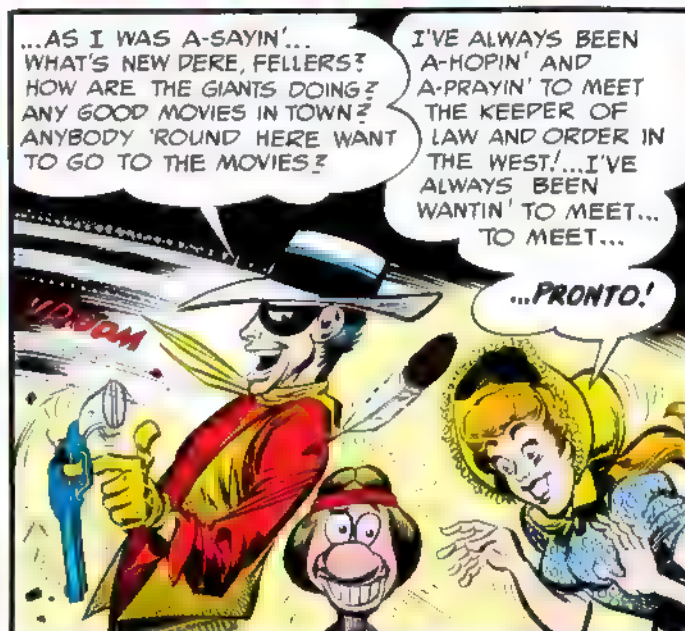
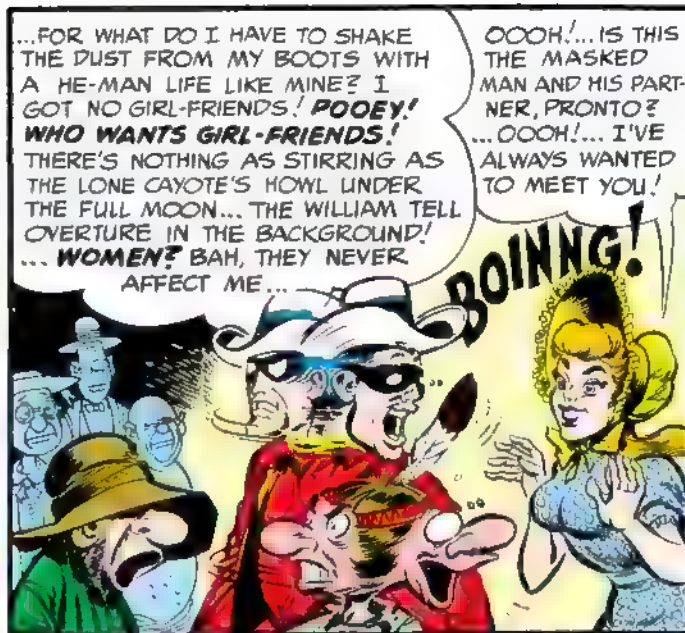
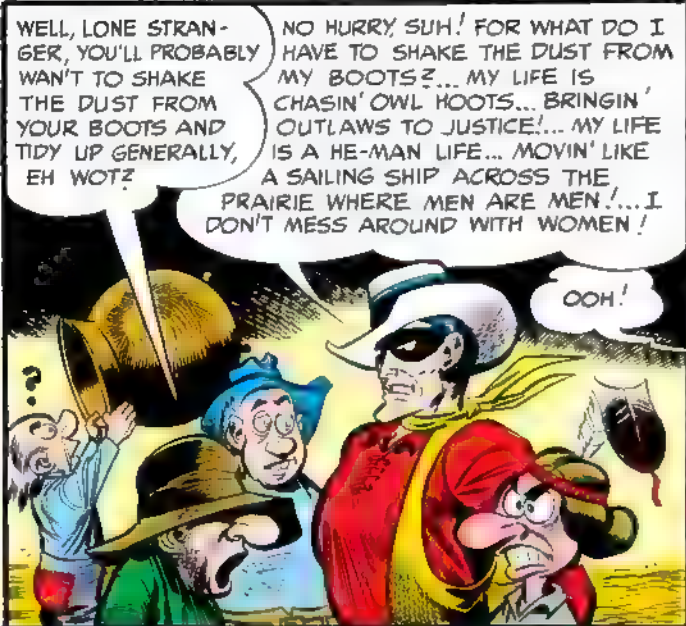
LOOKA DAT GOLDEN  
HORSE! LOOKA DEM  
GOLDEN BULLETS!  
LOOKA DEM GOLDEN  
TEETH! HOOHA! IS  
LONE STRANGER!













ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO RIDE OUT AND LOOK FOR INDIAN-SIGN!

...BUT LONE STRANGER!... WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU RODE OUT ON YOUR HORSE!

I CAN'T! NOT AS LONG AS I HAVE THIS DEFINITE FEELING THAT INJUNS ARE NEAR!

AHA! LOOK OVER HERE! IT'S JUST AS I SUSPECTED! ...INDIAN-SIGN!

...NOW THAT MY SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED... THAT THERE ARE INJUNS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD... I HAVE WORK TO DO! I'VE GOT RIDING TO DO!

EASYSTEDDY, BIG FELLOW!

VISIT THE HOOSKEEWOWO MOTEL GENUINE INDIAN COOKING CHEEP RATES

ACCORDING TO THE INDIAN-SIGN I RECKON THE INJUNS WENT THATAWAY!

RIGHT! SO...

**HIYO GOLDEN... HAWAAAAAY VOOM**

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THE FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE CLOUD OF DUST AND THE HEARTY 'HIYO GOLDEN!... THE LONE STRANGER IS DISAPPEARING OVER THE HORIZON!... DESERTING US!

FALSE! THE FIERY HORSE WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE CLOUD OF DUST AND THE HEARTY 'HIYO GOLDEN!... THE LONE STRANGER IS COMING BACK FROM OVER THE HORIZON! HE'S STAYING WITH US!

DUMKOFF! YOU RECKONED ALL WRONG! THE INJUNS DONE WENT THATAWAY!

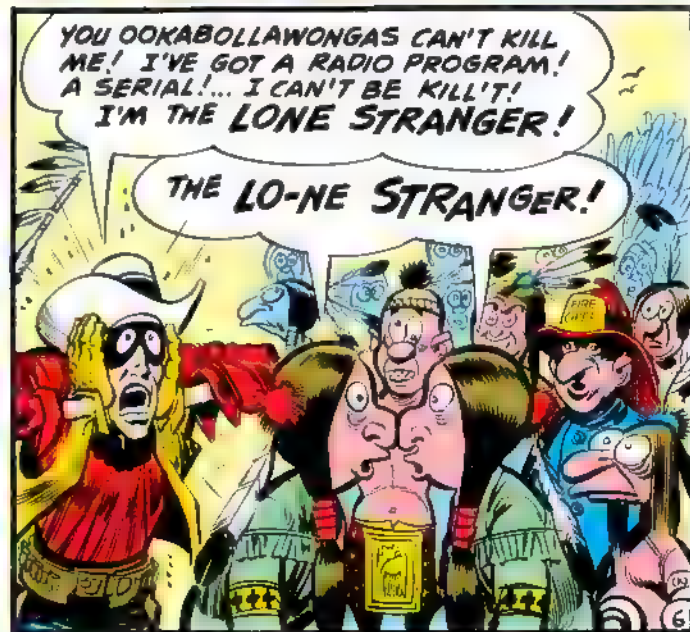
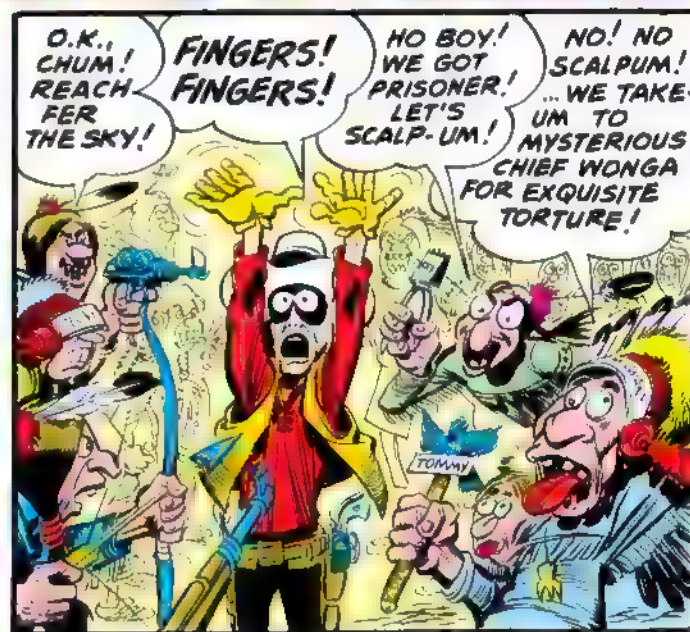
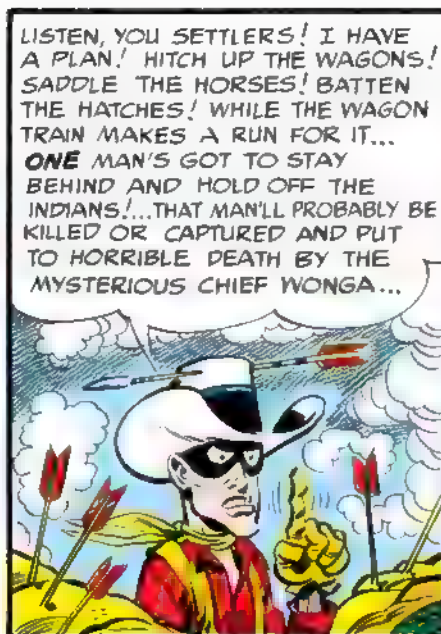
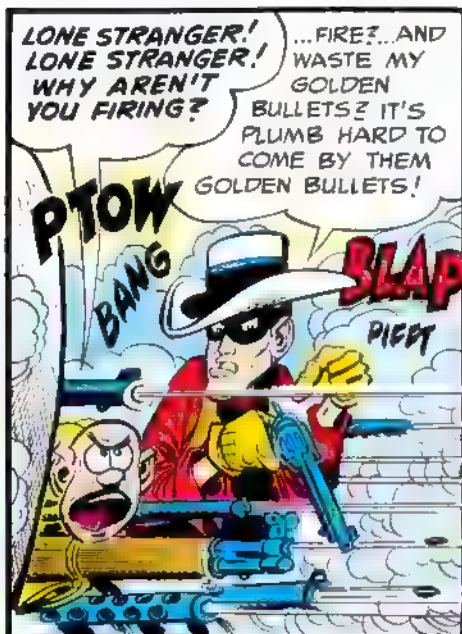
ALL RIGHT, MEN! CHIEF WONGA AND HIS OOKABOLLAWONGA TRIBE ARE THE BLOODIEST BAND OF INDIANS THIS SIDE OF THE PECOS! KEEP THE WAGONS IN A CIRCLE! WE'LL FIGHT TO THE END! THERE'LL BE NO QUARTER GIVEN AND NO QUARTER ASKED... JUST MAYBE A NICKEL AND COUPLE HALF DOLLARS!

PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T LET 'EM SCALP ME!

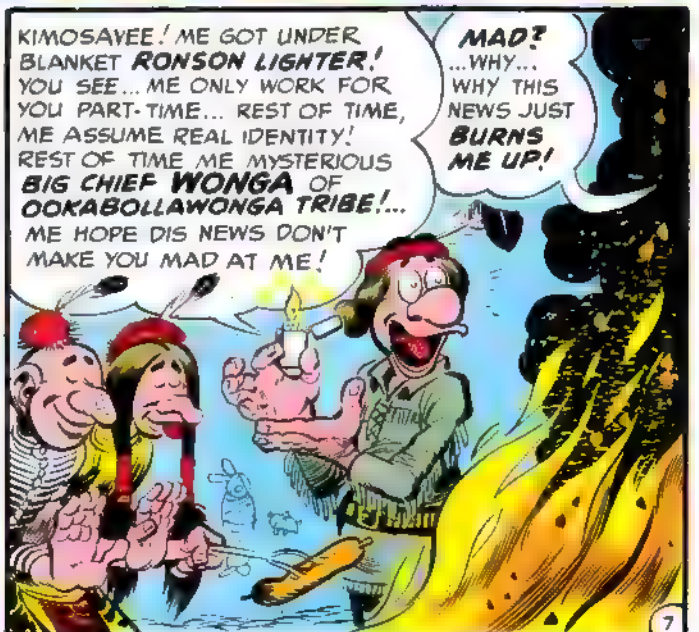
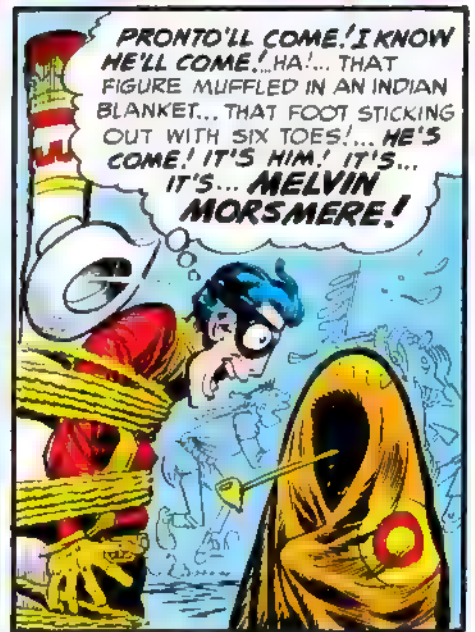
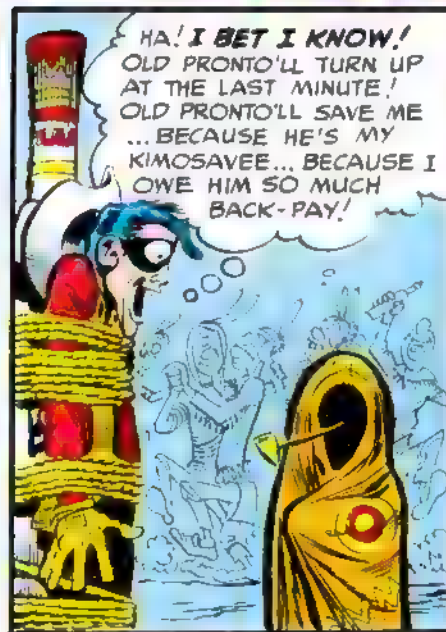
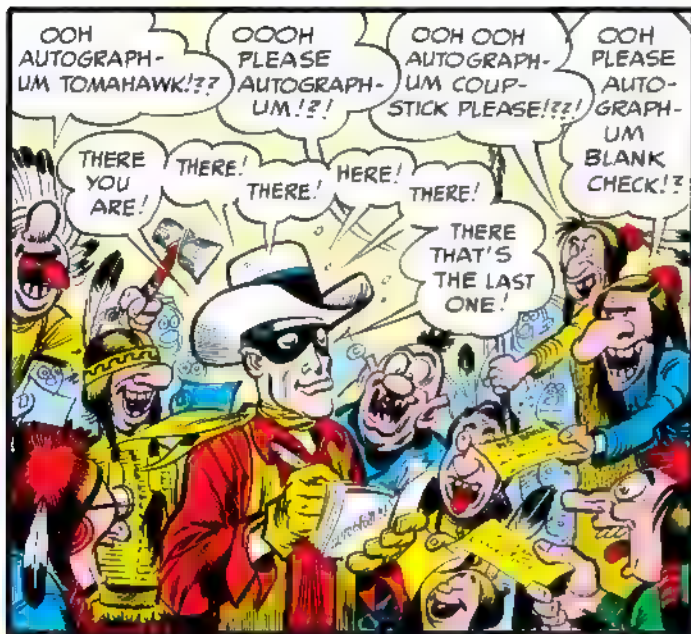
LOOK! HERE THEY COME!

**THE OOKABOLLAWONGA**











**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST  
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION  
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**LOOK FOR  
THESE SEALS  
WHEN YOU BUY!**

THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP  
ENTERTAINMENT...FOUND ONLY ON  
THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES:

TALES FROM THE CRYPT  
HAUNT OF FEAR • VAULT OF HORROR  
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES  
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES  
TWO-FISTED TALES • FRONTLINE COMBAT  
MAD  
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY  
**AND THE 25¢ ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:**  
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY  
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR

**CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.:** And now the **SECOND** chapter in the fantastic adventures of **SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!**

As you no doubt recall, in our last chapter, Jones' chief in Washington gave Jones the incredible news that the Russians were manufacturing **ARTIFICIAL DIRT**. This gave Jones grounds to believe that a filthy plot was underfoot. So on to **CHAPTER II** of...

**OPERATION  
UNDER-THE-GROUND**

... The chief continues: "Can you see what this development can do to our country, man?! Why, this could render the American sod completely useless! And think of all those poor Russian earth-worms crawling through **PHONEY** dirt!! (sniff-sniff) **HORRIBLE!** Now here's your assignment, Agent Jones. (By the way, from now on you'll have to go under the code name of **SHOVEL**.) Your mission, Shovel, is to dig up this dirt plot. It's a dangerous job, Shovel, but we feel you're the best qualified man for the job... seeing that you've been in the **UNDERGROUND** so long. You'll be picked up by submarine just off the coast under cover of darkness this afternoon at one sharp! The sub will take you behind the Iron Curtain. Got that, **SHOVEL!**?"



"I'll be there, chief!"

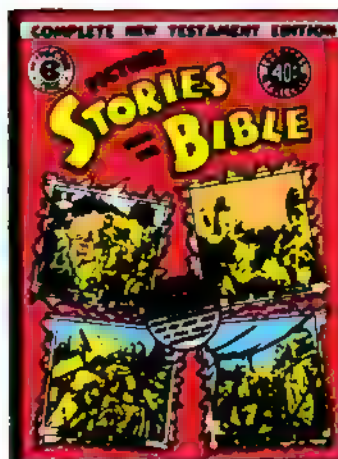
The next scene is the dock under cover of darkness. A submarine chugs up just as Jones arrives carrying a lantern, and an open umbrella, and a bandana containing all his personal belongings tied to the end of a stick over his shoulder. The sub itself is a battered old wreck with a figure-head on the prow. It is all patched up with band-aids, and some sailors are plugging up holes with their fingers.

Jones asks the sub's skipper if the sub leaks, saying that the government can't afford security leaks. They enter the sub whose hatches are battened down. The engine is a rubber band (like an airplane model). The sub gets under way beneath the waves. An airplane flies past leisurely. Finally the submarine reaches the Iron Curtain, and some of the crew have to get out to use some braces-and-bits to drill through the curtain. They drill a hole and the sub passes through with ease.

Some time later on a lonely street, a sewer grating is lifted and through it protrudes a submarine periscope with a yellow bloodshot eyeball framed in the glass, as that crazy mixed up Shovel digs Moscow.

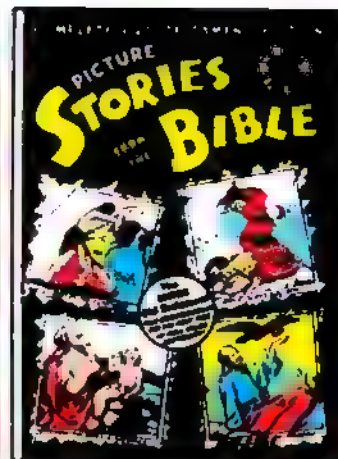
\* \* \* \* \*

... Well! The plot sickens! We've reached the end of the page, and so we moscow. If you want to find out what happens next in the adventures of Five Finger Jones, you'll have to buy another copy of MAD! (Boy, have WE got YOU sewed up!)



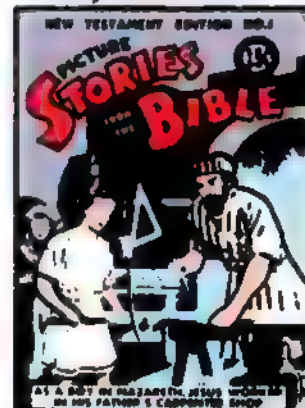
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# MAD MUMBLINGS



Dear Editors,

...If you ask me, MAD is a disgusting, dirty, no-count comic and shouldn't be on the stands!! But it's just what we want. Keep up the great work.—John Hurt—Elgin, Oregon

...I know you would like to hear from a dissatisfied reader of MAD. That is why I am writing. I think you should be boiled in oil or killed by the death of a thousand cuts. Melvin should sic his apes on you. Your printing presses should be reduced to rubble by one punch from Superduperman, and you should be pummelled with used D.C. comic books. Just in case you are tired of this, I am tired of seeing MAD as a bimonthly comic. How about a *monthly* MAD, please?—Ronald Ketterer, Reading, Pa.

...I dare say you BLUNDERING IDIOTS will never stop making mistakes, will you? I thought you might be a little more careful with *Mad* than you have been with other E.C. mags. But no! You start right in making mistakes in *Mad* too. In issue number six, you told the story of CASEY AT THE BAT. Since Casey was my third uncle, 627½ times removed, when you made the following atrocious error I was very shocked. With the count nothing and two, Casey *removes his teeth* and prepares himself for the next pitch. As it comes, a sneer of satisfaction crosses his face and he *displays a full set of teeth*. Would you kindly let me know where he got the *second set of teeth*? I am deeply distressed at your mistake.—Harry Mitchell Jr.—Mudville, U.S.A.

...Var's dis? *Mad* only once every *two* months? How dare you! It's inhuman, cruel, and besides, it's not nice! What would Farouk think? Have mercy! Begin publishing that magazine once a month.—Bobby Perry—Auburn, Alabama

...I have read a few of your Mad comics, and in my opinion, I have never seen so silly a book in my life. It gives the child a mean mind and teaches him to hate other nations. I hate comic books for I am a Martian.—Aurtvo Servix—Canal 5, Cave 62

...My son, Gene Sultan, is Bat Boy for the N. Y. Giants, and just before he left for the Polo Grounds today, he begged me to read "Casey at the Bat" in your No. 6 issue of *Mad*. I told him not to annoy me, that I had other more important things to do. However, after he had gone, I thought I would humor him and read the story.

Well, I got such a kick out of it, and had to laugh out loud so many times, that I just felt I had to send you a short note complimenting you. The drawings are a brilliant satire on America's favorite sport. Be-

lieve me, I thoroughly enjoyed it!—Rose Sultan—New York City

...It might interest you to know that my buddy signed over the title to his '40 Plymouth on the condition that I call off his debt of \$165.00 and get him an issue of *Mad*—Bill Wiesenbach—Pensacola, Fla.

...The greatest brains of this school convene and discuss Calculus, Philosophy and *Mad*. This comic book is the only one we deem intelligent enough for our reading.—Some students of the Atascadero Union High School: Grace Woodworth, Tony Wilson, Carol Wilson, Donnadine Uischner, Pat Willey, Gene Dell-Anno, D. Morgan, Barbara Fresbie, Lee Erickson

...I read your issue No. 6 with great interest, even getting so far as the Mad Mumblings. There I was greatly disappointed to see that you had accepted a letter from some *engineering students as fit to print*. Here in Norfolk we are on the same campus as V.P.I., and I have therefore had experience with engineering students. So I say, and I speak with authority, that engineers do *not* have overracked brains, for they simply have *no brains to be overracked*!

I hope you will take this into consideration when you next receive a letter from one of the characters that live up to the name of your book...MAD!—Chucks Hancox—College of William and Mary, Virginia

...I bought a copy of *Mad*. I have to keep it locked in a safe, and when one of the boys wants to read it, we have to lock all the doors. We classified it "Top Secret." A couple more of those stories and we'll have the enemy licked.—Howard Griffith—U.S. Naval Air Base, Virginia

...I know your staff will not print this because they fear that if they do, some of their readers will be converted to the good way of life. The men who think up such stories must be possessed by the devil! I have glanced through your book. I was lucky to live just glancing through. Death to you fiends!—David Alessio—Pittsfield, Mass.

In closing, a reminder JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB! (See inside front cover for details.) Subscriptions...75c...six issues! Keep writing. We need the cancelled stamps! Address for mail or sub orders is:

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Room 706, Dept. 8  
225 Lafayette Street  
N.Y.C. 12, N. Y.



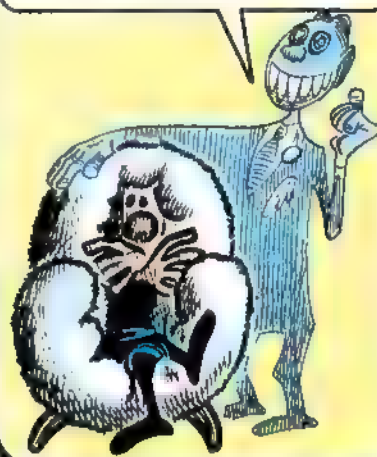
**COLLECTORS' ITEM DEPT.:**  
ON THE FOLLOWING SIX  
PAGES, YOUR MANAGING  
EDITOR PRESENTS SIX  
MORE OF THE EARLY  
CREATIONS OF **HARVEY  
KURTZMAN!**...SIX MORE  
EXAMPLES OF THAT ZANY  
NONSENSE CALLED...

# HEY LOOK

YOU WILL NOTICE HOW THIS  
CHAIR **FITS** YOU WHEN YOU  
GIT... AND FOR A SMALL DOWN  
PAYMENT...



..AND IF YOU WANT A CHAIR  
TO RELAX IN, NOTICE HOW THIS  
ONE ENVELOPES YOU... AND  
FOR ONLY A SMALL DOWN  
PAYMENT...



NOW, HERE'S A SIM-  
PLE, FUNCTIONAL CHAIR  
THAT IS VERY UNIQUE.  
IT **GRIPS** YOU!



HERE...TRY IT! RELAX AND  
NOTICE HOW IT PRACTICAL-  
LY GRASPS YOU! NOW FOR  
A SMALL DOWN PAYMENT...



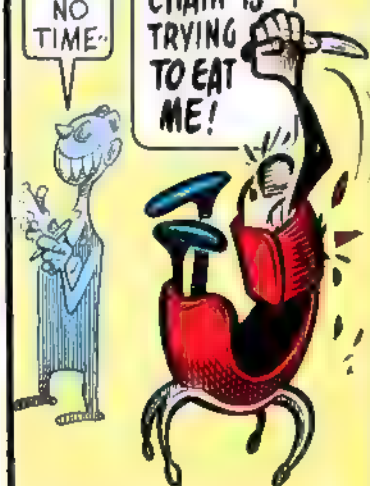
..YOU CAN  
FOLLOW OUR  
EASY PAY-  
MENT PLAN...

BOY! DOES  
THIS GRIP!



...IN  
NO  
TIME..

HEY! THIS  
CHAIR IS  
TRYING  
TO EAT  
ME!



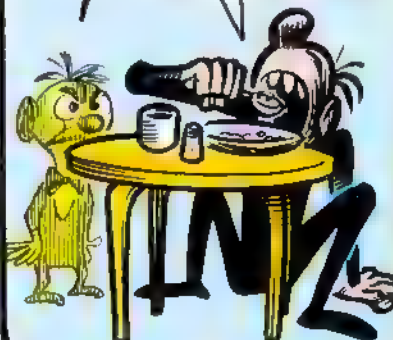
WO  
HOPPEN?

THIS CHAIR  
GRIPS TOO  
MUCH! LUCKY  
I HAD  
MY SCOUT KNIFE!

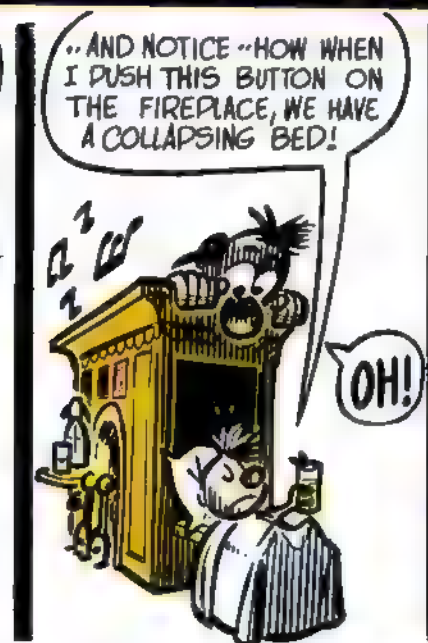


HEY! WEREN'T YOU GOING  
TO BUY A CHAIR TODAY?

EH! IT'S SAFER  
SITTING ON THE  
FLOOR!

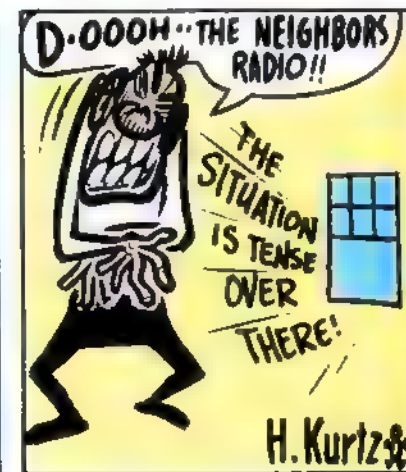
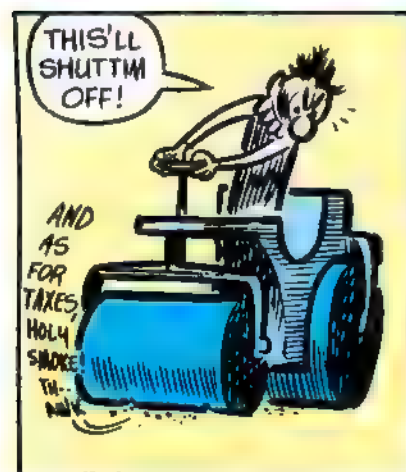
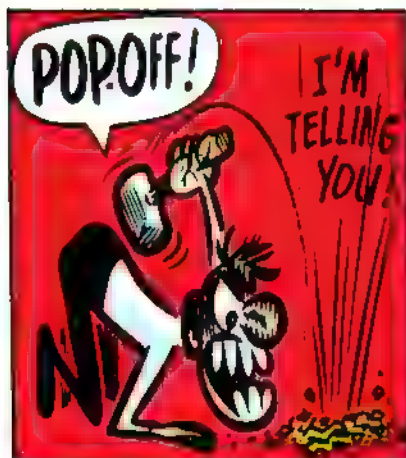
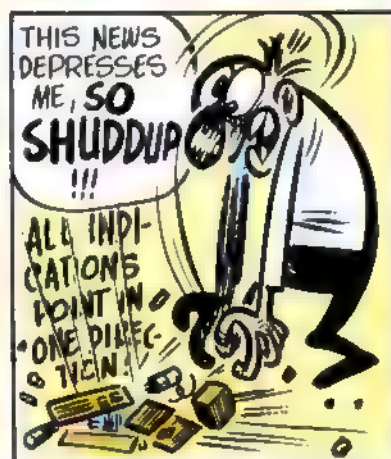




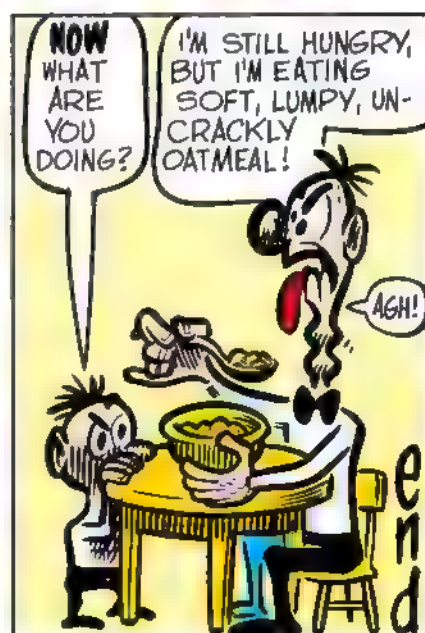
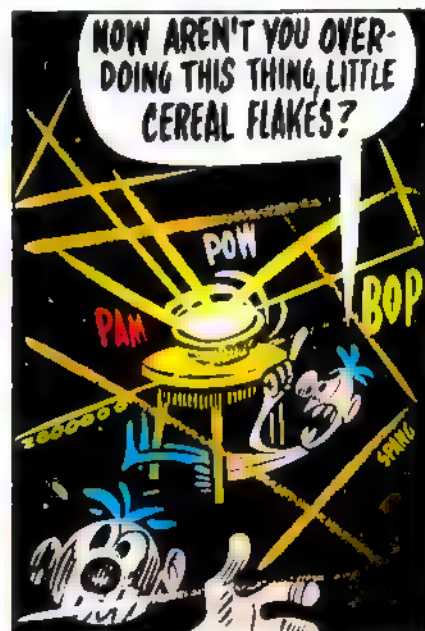
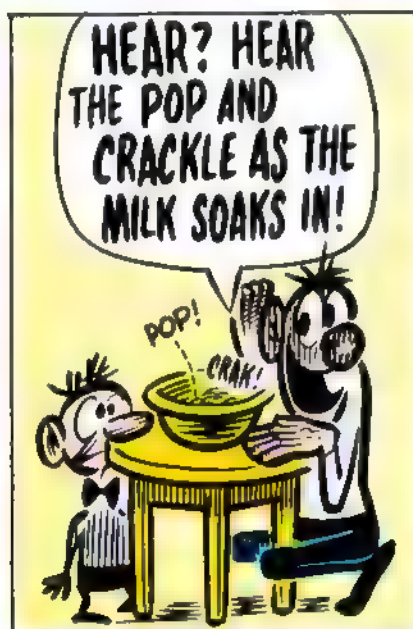
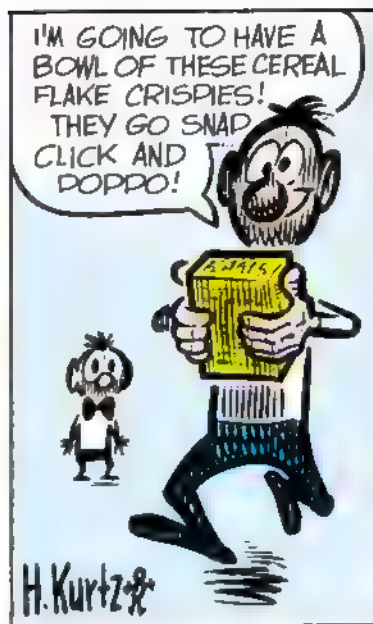




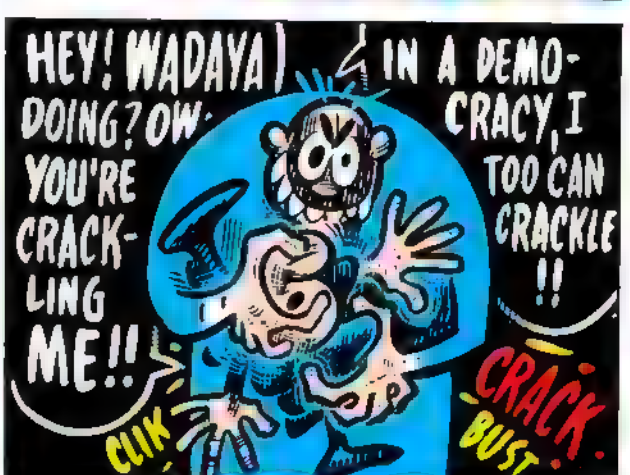
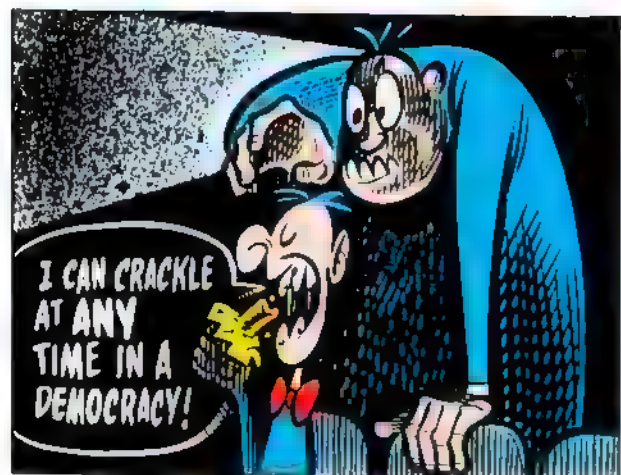
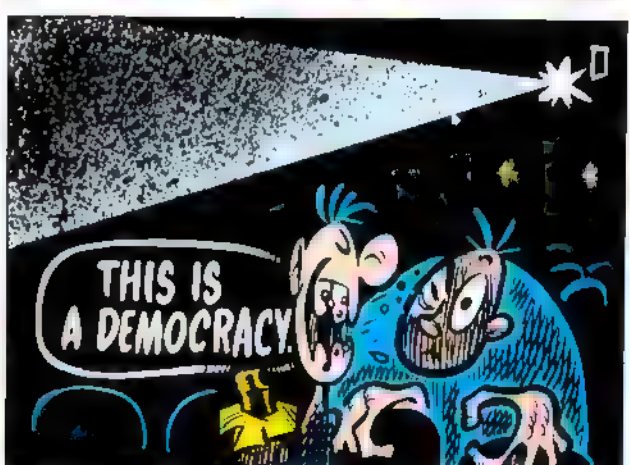
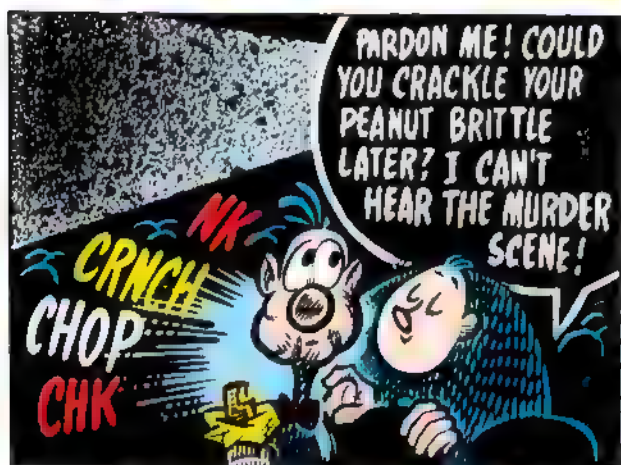
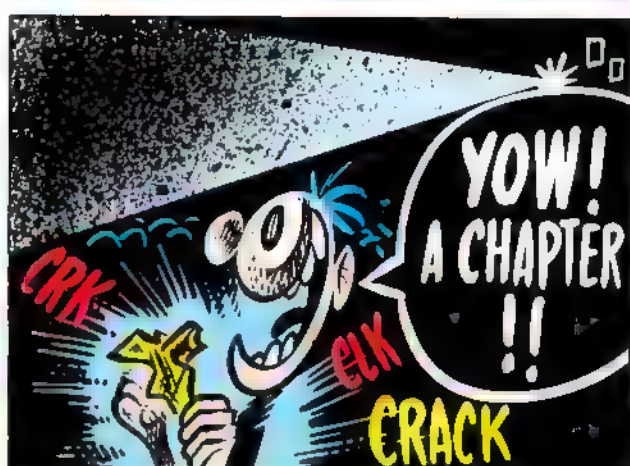
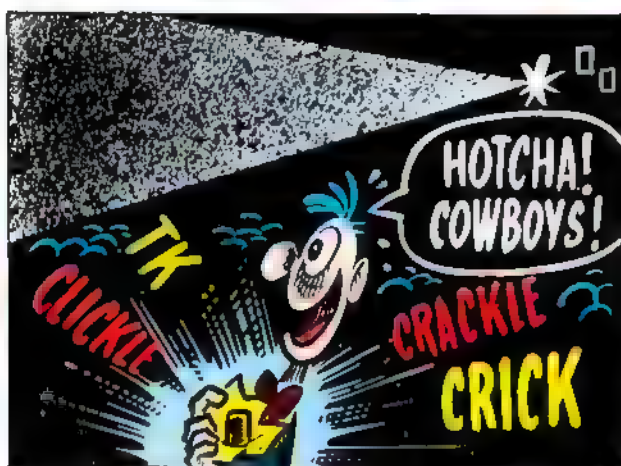
HEY  
LOOK!



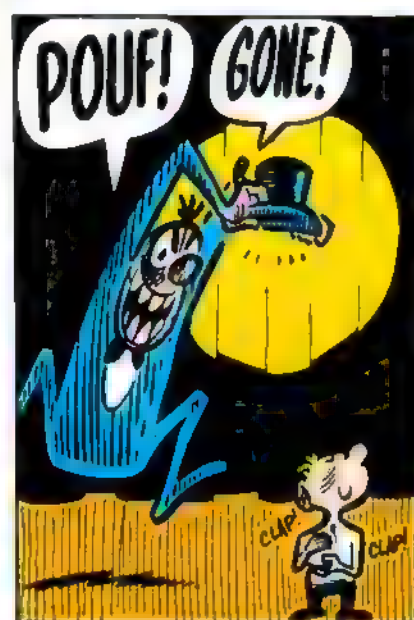














**HERO WORSHIP DEPT.:** YOU HAVE HEARD OF THOSE TWO MASKED, BAT-LIKE, CRIME-FIGHTERS OF GOTHAM CITY... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEIR EXCITING DEEDS, OF THEIR CONSTANT WAR AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!... THIS STORY, THEN... *THIS STORY, THEN...* HAS **ABSOLUTELY NOTHING** TO DO WITH THEM!... THIS STORY IS ABOUT TWO DIFFERENT PEOPLE...

# BAT BOY AND RUBIN!



**NOTICE!**  
THIS STORY IS A  
**LAMPOON!**  
IF YOU WANT TO  
SPEND YOUR DIME  
ON CHEAP, ROTTEN  
LAMPOONS LIKE THIS  
INSTEAD OF THE EVER-  
LOVIN' GENUINE, REAL  
THING... **GO RIGHT  
AHEAD, BOY!**

wood.

BAT BOY! BAT BOY! THE WHOLE GANG OF CROOKS IS GETTING READY TO **CHARGE!** SHOULD WE:

- (a) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR FISTS?
- (b) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR WEAPONS?
- (c) RUN?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE SHALL DO, RUBIN! WE SHALL DO THE **MORAL** THING, THE **NOBLE** THING, THE THING OUR PUBLIC WOULD **EXPECT** US TO DO!

...WE RUN!

...BUT WAIT...

...IT JUST SO HAPPENS I HAVE HERE IN ONE OF THE LITTLE COMPARTMENTS OF MY WEAPON'S BELT, A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT PARALYZES GANGSTERS **JUST** LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THEM AWAY TO JAIL!

